THE "HOT SPOT" WAS IN THE GAME

"Jim," said the Hot Sport of Longacre square, as he grasped the edge of the bar with both hands and leaned forward as if suffering from overexertion, "Jim, you may perhaps remember a line of romance the scientific papers doped out a few years ago concerning liquid air. They said it was the coldest ever and a wee bit stronger than dynamite. You might give me a couple o' pints. I need a drink."

"Fall off the water wagon again?" asked Jim, with the matter-of-fact solemnity befitting the experienced expert behind the bar.

"N-no, Jim, I didn't fall off exactly. There ain't no water wagon, an' I didn't fall. I went right up. You might make that two—one for you, you know. Only I'd like 'em today, you know. This ain't no contract for future deliveries."

"If you've gone far enough up," said Jim, with grave patience, "you might come down an' specify. Liquid air's out o' fashion this summer."

"Well, make it anything," said the Hot Sport, indifferently, "so it's wet, and long and cold—it must be cold—and strong, and say, Jim, it ought for to be quick. Do you want to see me die?"

"How'd it happen?" asked Jim, after the second one was started, and there had come a pause, half way down the glass.

"Draw poker and a horrible example," said the Hot Sport with a sigh, but he would say no more till he had finished what was before him.

"This one's on the house," said Jim, observing that the Hot Sport still had a yearn. "Much of a game?" he continued. "Might as well get it out of your system."

"Quite a game," said the Hot Sport. "It was me for the money all day yesterday. Talk about Homer havin' a loaf in the wilderness with a jug an' a rag! I did nothin' but sit an' watch an auriferous stream o' yellow backs pour into my lap. There was three gazaboes paid me what they owed before 2 o'clock, an' a cross-eyed hunchback with six fingers give me a tip, an' I played it. Comin' back from the track I ordered two automobiles sent 'round to a house on Riverside I was thinkin' of buyin'. That reminds me, I was to be up there at noon to try 'em. What time is it, Jim?"

"Two o'clock," said Jim. "And as to that poker game?"

"George told me. You know George. Fat man. Toes in, an' his ears flap when he walks. George said he had three western yaps corralled, an' he wanted a good poker player to sit in an' help, meaning me.

"Say, what's the good of a guardian angel that won't hover? If mine had been on her job she'd have hovered right then, hootin' things in my ear about money comin' too easy an' fadin' away. Nary a hover. I went along with George, joyous.

"Them yaps was dreams. Honest, I think they wore hoofs. Each one had a jag bigger'n the other two, an' one was considerable drunker'n the whole three of 'em together. I didn't think there was so much booze.

"It was a repulsive sight to one on the water wagon like me, an' honest, it looked like a charitable deed to put their money where they couldn't spend it.

"You don't believe their names were Tom, Dick an' Harry, do you Jim? 'Tain't reasonable. Well, that's who they said they were, an' Tom was the one that was drunk. The others had done what they could but he'd got there.

"An' poker! They all said they was weaned on poker, an' use it regular at home as a principal diet. They hadn't ate any since they come East, an' they was hungry. I reckon it must ha' been so, for I seen Tom eat a blue chip, absent-minded like when he was tryin' to make out whether he had four aces or a kelter. He was mostly in a uncertain condition like that, when he was lookin' at his cards, but when it came to a showdown there didn't nobody entertain no doubts. I got wise to him after a few swats, an' so far as I was concerned there wasn't no showdown after that. Say, if he'd had three extra decks to pull from he couldn't ha' filled 'em better."

"Hold any big hands?" asked Jim.

"Fair," said the Hot Sport. "You remember what Daniel Webster said: 'A man can beat all of the others some o' the time, an' some o' the others all the time, but there can't no man hold the best hand every deal.' Tom could.

"I didn't believe it, though, till 'twas too late. We started with a limit, a hundred dollars or something. But after a couple of deals we was on the roof, bettin' up against the moon. Them two deals I didn't come in, havin' nothin'. Then it come George's deal and I felt safer. Tom anted two blues, callin' fifty dollars, an' Dick come in.

"I seen a straight and I raised it a hundred. Harry dropped and George dropped, an' Tom made it three hundred. Then Dick dropped an' I went back at him with five more, an' he made good.

"George picked up the deck an' says 'How many?' an' Tom looked at his hand again. 'Peared to be some dissatisfied an' throwed it down. Say, he was so near paralyzed he throwed 'em face up, an' you won't believe it, Jim, but he had three aces. Three aces an' throwed 'em away! 'You might give me five,' he said, an' o' course I stood pat.

"Well, I couldn't expect him to call no big bet, so I put up a hundred, an' what happened? Nothin', only he boosted me a thousand. George was dealin', mind you. Wouldn't that wither your legs?

"P'raps my guardian was hoverin' just then, for instead o' shovin' my pile in the pot, like a right-minded man would, I took another look. Seein' my straight was only nine high I decided to be contented with what was in the pot, so I just called—called myself a coward.

"Say, he had a flush.

"Then there were more things happening after that, because I had some more thousands, but, Jim, when I look back, seems to me it was like that Gatling gun in the wild west show. You wouldn't know you was hit till you'd get hit a whole lot more, an' as for keepin' court—

"Then, the more Tom, Dick and Harry played, the more they kept drinkin' an' the worse I felt, seein' three North American citizens debasin' theirselfs. It wasn't sympathy, Jim. It was worse. Looked to me like Tom couldn't get any drunker, an' the drunk kind o' oozed out of him like wireless telegraph, an' slopped on the floor till it washed over the tops of my shoes, an' I begin to get drunk myself, although I didn't drink a drop.

"I dropped my pile, though, an' I was sore when I left, but I wasn't too sore to listen to the colored boy downstairs when he pulled me behind the screen an' ast me if I'd been playin' cards. I told him yes, an' I thought he'd cry. I've been good to that boy, Jim.

"He says, 'I tried to catch you 'fore you went upstairs, but I must ha' been in the kitchen. Dat ar Mr. George, he don' been trailin' you all day, an' dey had it made up to steer you agin the game. Did you lose much, marse?'

"I told him no, an' I gin' him a dollar. But say, Jim, if a man like me can be did up that way, what show has a plain, ordinary white man? You might make it two more, Jim. I'll drown this sorrow if it takes all you've got."—New York Press.

Cause and Effect

A well-to-do Manchester manufacturer who was spending a month at Brighton went to London for a few days' visit. He had his wife and daughter and plenty of money with him.

The daughter, after buying whatever she wanted, decided that she must also have a bulldog. The entire family went to help her select the dog, but they could not agree in their choice, so the gentleman bought three—the selection of each. The dogs were bought from fanciers.

He had the three dogs sent to Brighton, then changed his plans about going back there, and took his family home. A few days later he received the following letter from the stableman at Brighton:

Dear Sir—Your three bulldogs arrived all right last night on the same train. I locked them up together last night in a loose box. Yours truly, J. JACKSON.

P. S.—We only have one loose box.

P. P. S.—You will have to buy some more dogs.—Tit-Bits.

Root Throws Light

A newspaper man having asked Elihu Root how long he thought the American occupation of Cuba would last, got the following story in reply: A kindergarten teacher asked a class of boys —

"Have you a warm coat?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Can you take off your warm coat?"

"Yes."

"Has a bear a warm coat?"

"Yes."

"Can a bear take off his warm coat?"

"No."

"Why cannot the bear take off his warm coat?"

"'Cause God only knows where the buttons are!"—Philadelphia Record.

HAD MEASURED IT.

"How far," asked the first automobilist as they met at a turn in the road, "is it from here to the next town where there's a repair shop?"

"Eleven hills, three bad bridges, one long stretch of deep sand and two arrests," answered the second automobilist.—Chicago Tribune.

YOUTH WHO HAS THE SIXTH SENSE

THIS PSYCHOLOGICAL PUZZLE IS COMBINATION OF SHERLOCK HOLMES AND X RAY.

STOCKHOLM, Sept. 21.—All over Scandinavia great excitement and sensation has been caused by a 13-year-old Norwegian boy, John Flottum, who seems to be possessed of a most phenomenal clairvoyant power. More than six months ago somebody at Singaas, where the boy is living, observed the remarkable ability which he had shown in finding lost things and persons.

At first no special notice was taken of it, but about a fortnight ago a commercial traveler living in the Oesterdal valley was missed. Somebody took the opportunity to speak about the boy's remarkable power to the police, who for nearly a week had tried in vain to trace the missing traveler.

John Glottum was appealed to and without hesitation the boy indicated a river, about twenty miles away, where the body was found.

The method adopted was as follows: A photograph of the missing man was shown to the boy, who closely examined it. After a short visit at the house where the man had lived the boy, escorted by two Norwegian policeman, started in the direction which he instantly indicated. After a short walk the boy suddenly stopped, exclaiming: "We are on the right way. Here the man lately sat down." After a few minutes' stay the boy continued his walk. Though many people followed the boy and the policemen, the boy did not take any notice of them. He followed rapidly the course which he had laid out, and, although it was dark, he requested the police to follow him until he had found a tree where he had seen that the man should have lost a handkerchief. After one hour's walk a tree was found, where a handkerchief was lying. It was the property of the missing man. By this time the boy was so exhausted that he said it was necessary to give up that day further walking.

Early next morning the boy arose and told the policeman that in the night he had seen the body of the man at the bottom of the river which he had indicated. The boy went straight to the river, where a boat was at the shore. He, together with the police and two fishermen, steered in the direction which the boy indicated. Suddenly he cried: "Here you are," and at the bottom of the river where the boat stopped the body was seen lying in about one and a half fathoms of water.

The news of the incident rapidly spread over Norway and enormous consternation arose among the Norwegian peasants. The boy was sent back to Singaas, where his mother, a poor woman, lives. His father died three years ago. His parents had six children, of whom he is the fourth. His oldest brother is working as a fireman. The next two are sisters, who are serving as chambermaids. The two youngest children, a boy and a girl, are at home at Singaas. John's school teacher, Mr. Morseth, 60 years old, says:

"I never cared for such experiments, which I always considered a waste of time, but now I believe it my duty to say that I am fully convinced about the remarkable sense of the boy. He is a phenomenal clairvoyant. I have already tried him with several cases and nearly always John has been a complete success. Only in a few cases, when he was excited, the experiments have failed. But don't forget," added the old teacher, "that John is only a boy."

Asked as to what sort of experiments the teacher had made with John, Morseth said: "One day I asked John: 'Please tell me what I have in my purse? Instantly John replied: 'A golden ring, some slips of paper, but no money.' Another day I told John that thirty years ago, seventeen years before John was born, I lost a gold ring when I was playing with the school children in the field. John held his hand over his eyes and in a few minutes said: 'I see your ring flying through the air. Many small hands are searching for it. It is a very thick and fat boy who is very eagerly looking for it. But with his one hand he covers the ring for which he is so eagerly looking.'"

The teacher now clearly recollected the fat boy, who died in prison.

"Besides these experiments," he continued, "many others could be mentioned; but in these cases I suppose that it was merely thought reading. That it is real you may be quite assured. In school John was a very intelligent boy, but he did not care for reading. He was not very industrious or clever, but he showed remarkable common sense and much ability at drawing. He was always interested in all sorts of pictures and photographs."

Pastor Brislin, at Singeas, says: "I compare the case with the same sense which we learn in the Bible of many of the prophets. I call your attention to the story of King Saul, who went to Samuel and got full information about some asses which had disappeared from his father's stable. Quite so with the boy John."

Last week the boy was taken to Christiania, where he was placed with a family in the country, that he might recover from the excitement to which he had been subjected in the last month. He is, however, under the special observation of the well-known surgeon, Dr. Wefring, who was at first very skeptical, but after close investigation declares that he does not deny that the boy possesses a sixth sense of which the scientific world has no acknowledgment.

Dr. Wefring made several experiments with the boy and had success in nearly all cases.

The surgeon has now agreed that the boy next week shall take up the difficult task of finding a little Norwegian girl, Gudrun Klaussen, who disappeared some months ago, and of whom no trace has been found. Gadrun Klaussen's disappearance caused a sensation in Norway, and all the Scandinavian people are now looking forward to Johns investigation.

Dr. Wefring says: "I see no reason why I should not permit John to search for the little girl. He is very eager to commence, and I suppose he will succeed. In every case the boy's health will be the first consideration. I will take the full responsibility in that direction."

By request of several people at Christiana Dr. Wefring told the clairvoyant boy on Friday that a young girl, Gudrun Klaussen, has been missing nearly three months from her parents' home, and asked John if he would say where Gudrun was. With covered eyes and Dr. Wefring at his side, John walked at nightime through different streets, passing the railway station. Suddenly the boy took Dr. Wefring's hand, crying: "You must assist me, for this is the right way." John, who hitherto had walked slowly, began running, drawing the doctor with him. Only a few yards from the harbor John stopped, exclaiming: "I cannot go further." Dr. Wefring asked why not. "I cannot go through the sea. Gudrun is not in the water, and I cannot cross the water on my feet." At this moment John was evidently somewhat nervous and exhausted and further experiments will, therefore, not begin until John has fully recovered.

STANTON'S UNSAVORY RECORD.

If Major W. A. Stanton had to pay space rates for all the unsavory notoriety he has received the past several months in his different matrimonial ventures, even the dividends from the Little Florence wouldn't keep him in change. And isn't it about time the old stiff halted in his hymenal career? He has told one Goldfield paper what a bad actor his wife is, but those who know are rather inclined to believe her story, for the two best things the major does in Goldfield are known to most of the inhabitants of that peaceful city. One is to wrap up in a serape and a comfortable jag and lead a parade, no matter what it is for, and the other is to get a seething, sizzling, succulent souse and play ping pong with the derbies in the Montezuma club. It is understood that he may be invited to resign from that institution, and if the charges of wife beating are proven, that will surely happen, possibly along with a trip to the outskirts of the Field of Cloth of Gold, and a request to keep moving. But no matter what happens, we suggest, the while meaning no intrusion, that the major keep away from the altar and stick to the bar. He works better under the latter.—Goodwin's Weekly.

M'GINNITY'S NAME

In the Chicago Tribune Dryden explains in his own style how "Iron Man" Joe McGinnity came by the name. He says:

"For years Joe has been known as the Iron Man, and many are the explanations handed out as to why. Here is the latest dope submitted by an expert who knew Joe: He was in training for the name. In early youth Joe toiled in the coal mines below Springfield, Ill. After digging all week the indomitable young athlete pitched a game every Sunday morning for Auburn, Ill. In the afternoon he rode a razor-backed horse without a saddle to Springfield, fourteen miles distant, and pitched another game. Whether the feat of pitching two games in one day or riding the razor-backed horse twenty-eight miles without the saddle entitles Mr. McGinnity to a place in the hall of fame we do not pretend to say. Anyhow, he is now the Iron Man, and Joe must have been an iron boy to survive the horseback rides."

FROG, MEXICO'S GREAT CARD GAME

IS SOMETHING LIKE SKAT AND IS MUCH BETTER THAN BRIDGE.

Frog is the aristocratic card game of Mexico. While conquian is considered the national game of that country, it bears about the same relation to frog that euchre does to bridge in the United States. Frog requires a high order of intelligence to play it well, and those who have had experience with it like it as well, if not better, than bridge.

It is up to modern standards in the matter of elasticity and variety, with the element of bidding, and the result depends on the player's own judgment, untrammeled by the luck of a partner's hand, unfettered by the fear of his criticism at the end. In these respects frog is very much like skat, and has been suggested that the idea of frog is evidently borrowed from skat. Even the name "frog," moye be a construction of "frage," which was one of the variety of skat in the early days.

Frog is played with a pack of thirty-six cards, all below the six being thrown out. These cards rank A, 10, K, Q, J, 9, 8, 7, 6, and the five honors have the same pin value that they have in skat—the ace being worth 11, the ten 10, king 4, queen, 3, Jack 2.

This gives 120 points as the total pin value of the four suits, and the object of the game is to get the majority of these 120 points—that is, 61 or more—in the tricks taken in during the course of play. Tricks as such are of no value, only the points they contain being counted, so that a player winning a trick with two aces and a ten in it would get more for his one card than a player who won four or five tricks with nothing in them by kings and jacks and spots.

There are three active players, but four or five may make up the table. When four plays the dealer takes no cards. When five play the dealer gives card to the two on his left and the one on his right.

It does not matter who deals first, providing some record is kept so that each of the players shall have the deal an equal number of times. When it comes to the turn of the one man who dealt first, that ends a round, and it is usual to stop the game at the end of a round.

The cards are dealt one at a time, beginning on the dealer's left and giving a card to each of the three players in turn and one to the widow, face down, for three rouns. After that no cards are dealt to the widow, so that when the whole pack of thirty-six cards have been dealt out each player will have eleven cards and the widow will have three.

The player on the dealer's left, Vorhand, has the first bid for the privilege of playing against both the others. There are only three classes of games to bid upon.

Frog, in which hearts are always trumps, is the cheapest game, because it is played with the assistance of the widow, which is turned face upward on the table, so that the players shall see what cards it contained. After showing the widow the player who has bid a frog takes the three cards into his hand and discards anything he pleases, so as to reduce his hand again to eleven cards.

The three cards he lays off remain his property, exactly as if he had won them in a trick, and the points in them will count for him at the end of the hand. Every point over sixty he succeeds in getting home counts one for him in a frog, and he must be paid by each of the other active players at the table, if any, who hold no cards.

Should the bidder fail to get sixty he must pay everyone at the table, including those who hold no cards, if any; so that if there are four at the table, the player wins from two, but loses to three. Sixty is a tie. All over sixty wins for the players, and he pays for as many points as he falls short of reaching sixty.

The next higher bid is chico, in which the player names any suit but hearts for the trump and plays his hand without any assistance from the widow, which remains on the table face down and untouched until the end of the hand, but the points found in it will count for the player, precisely as they do in a solo at skat.

The value of the points in chico is two each, or double what it is in frog. The fourth player, if any, must be paid, but he losses nothing; just as in frog.

The highest bid of all is grand, which is the same as chico as regards playing without the widow; but hearts must be trumps, and the value of the points is again doubled, being four each in a grand. The fourth player must be paid, but cannot lose anything, just as in the other games.

If Vorhand will not bid he passes, but if he bids it is advisable to name the best game he will play at once, because if he names a frog and the second player says chico Vorhand will have to play a grand to pass. If Vorhand bids chico in the first place the second player will have to bid a grand or pass.

If Vorhand had bid frog and the second player says chico Vorhand can outbid him by going grand. A bid of grand ends it, as there is nothing higher.

When the bidding between Vorhand and the second player is settled the third player can bid against the survivor; or if second hand passes the third hand can bid against Vorhand. If Vorhand passes second hand bids, and then third comes in. A player who has once passed cannot bid that hand.

The successful bidder must play the game he announces. That is to say, he cannot bid frog and then play chico, nor bid chico and then play grand.

The eldest hand always leads, regardless of the position of the successful bidder. Players must follow suit, if they can; but if they cannot follow suit they must trump.

If the trick has already been trumped and the tried player cannot follow suit he must overtrump if he can, or undertrump if he has a trump and cannot overtrump. In this respect the game is like pinochle.

The scores can be kept on a sheet of paper, or each hand may be settled for in chips or money immediately. Counters worth 1, 3, 25 and 100 will answer all purposes.

In practice it will be found that for equal lengths of time the winnings and losses will be about the same as for bridge, so far as the number of points is concerned.

There are, of course, a number of conventional rules for judging the strength of a hand in which a bid Gal 2.—FROG, Mexico's card game. should be made and for calculating the chances of the widow. There are also many maxims for the correct leads and returns, the management of suits by those opposed to the player, etc., but those things come with practice. A very few sittings will teach the player what a hand is probably worth.

THE AMERICAN SAILOR.

It is related of Commodore Decatur that after he had tamed the Barbary powers whose energies had been reawakened while the war of 1812 kept our navy busy, he set out in his flagship, the Guerriere, to make his way across the Mediterranean unattended, and suddenly found himself in the Corsair fleets which had remained in a neutral port during hostilities. The situation looked rather squally. The Corsair admiral hailed:

"What ship is dat?"

"The United States ship Guerriere, Commodore Decatur," was the reply.

"Where are you going?" was the next question.

"Where I please!" thundered Decatur through the speaking trumpet, and the Guerriere proceeded unmolested.—Boston Transcript.

SANDY'S QUERY.

A Scotchman and his four children entered a fine, fashionable restaurant in London. Sandy ordered a bottle of lemonade and five tumblers. The waiter brought them and stood some distance away to watch the proceedings. Sandy poured a little lemonade into each glass, and then produced a large bag of pastries and gave each of the children one. The waiter did not like to see this behavior in a high class restaurant, and called the manager, who addressed Sandy thus:

"Do you know who I am?"

"Na," replied Sandy.

"I'm the manager."

"Oh, you are?" said Sandy. "Then why the dickens is the ban' no playing?"

THE CHEESE.

"The late Gen. Thomas H. Ruger," said a Stamford man, "was, like so many army officers, an authority on good cooking, but he detested rank, high cheeses. At a dinner he said that a very rank cheese was once left at his headquarters to be called for, and after it had remained unclaimed two days he posted up this notice:

"'If the cheese sent here addressed to Private Jones is not called for in two days, it will be shot.'"—Exchange.

A KIND WORD.

"So you don't share the general indignation toward the railways?"

"No," answered Farmer Corntossel. "I have always felt that a locomotive was entitled to a great deal of credit for sticking to the track instead of snorting up and down the country roads like an automobile."—Washington Star.

The Man Behind the Gun—Recruit (to instructor)—"Please, sir, do 'E 'ave to pull much 'arder at thick 'ere five 'undered nor at the two 'undred yards?"—Punch.